

## Music

When I was 5  
I danced to records  
that my  
grandmother played.

When I was 8  
I sang praise to  
God while a  
nun with a  
yardstick  
hovered over  
every  
sour note.

When I was 10  
I was made to  
stand before a  
class & try to  
sing a song I  
knew quite well  
in some sort of  
coded do-re-me.

When I was 12  
they gave me  
cello lessons.  
An old man in a  
stuffy blind-pulled  
room  
gave me sheets of  
paper with  
cryptic lines &  
markings that I was  
supposed to  
translate into  
music

When I was 17 I  
dropped out of  
school, left  
God, stopped taking  
lessons &  
remembered my  
grandmother.

I got a  
key of C  
harmonica &  
began to play.

## Old Friends

are like  
old cars with  
built in  
obsolescence

needing  
tune-ups &  
over-hauls  
new tires  
spark  
plugs & points

& if you  
don't take  
care of them  
service them  
charge their  
batteries &  
check their  
oil,

why you may  
find yourself  
stranded on the  
desert or a  
mt. pass in  
winter or  
standing dead still  
at midnight on a  
slow curve in the  
freeway.